

HTTYD FanFiction How To Ride A Lightning Bolt Enjoy!

by Nera Core

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Summary: Helen has always been left out, from everything, the other teenagers ignoring her as though she was not even there, but now they have dragons, Helen dreams of becoming a rider, just like them, but with no-one trusting her abilities Helen leaves, on what she thought would be a simple sailing trip, but becomes much, much more. Will they accept her when she finds a dragon of her own?

1. The Wild Ocean

The Wild Ocean

Helen walked down the dock, the cool sea breeze battered about her face and started messing up her long white hair. She stopped at the end of the wooded dock and gazed out over the wild and untameable sea, but you never know, she thought that dragons were wild and untameable like the ocean, but it turns out she was wrong, so maybe the sea is just waiting for the right person to step up to the plate and whip it into shape.

Helen watched a few dragons leap from the deep and into the air and then dive back in again, some others chased fish around and into the fishermen's nets. She sighed loudly, all the other teens had dragons that they rode around the island and out over the ocean to explore new places everyday. She began to drift off in her own train of thought when she heard a loud, but unmistakable roar, it was Hiccup and Toothless, she turned and watched them land nearby.

Most people in the village would have rushed over and asked of his latest tales from around the world, but not Helen, none of the other teens every seemed to notice her, she was abandoned by her mother at birth and she never met my father. She was raised by one of the village elders, but he died recently and left her his home in the woods, so she had lived her whole life isolated from all the other kids, so they never really talked to her at all, they all knew about her, but they were all busy training to kill dragons, and now they focus on riding them, so she never had any time to talk to

them.

Since She didn't have a dragon, she need to travel by boat, the only problem is the ocean, She had a massive fear of it, sure it is amazing and beautiful, but it to her was really scary, just look at how bit it is, and how wild it is. Helen longed that she could just fly over it like the others, but, Helen knew that one day she would concur this fear, and she knew just how to do it.

She walked back down the dock, she was headed home, she passed Hiccup and sent him a greeting, "Evening Hiccup" Helen said

"oh, yes, Helen" he relied

"yeah?" she asked wondering why he was talking to her,

"Me and the other riders are organising a little get togetherâ€|"

"But you fly together everyday" she interrupted,

"yes, well, moving on, I, we, were wondering if you wanted to join us" he finally stated,

"sure, when is it?" she asked,

"Tomorrow, in the late afternoon"

"Alright, see you then" she said and continued walking down the dock.

"See you" he replied

Helen was excited, it was the first time they had actually included her in something, you never know, she might even get a dragon of her own soon. She laughed, the thought of her riding a dragon was rather amusing, how her thoughts went from never having a dragon to wanting one like nothing else she ever had before was rather annoying at times and could get her into trouble.

She soon reached the top of the dock and strolled into town, she looked at all the food and supplies for sale, but didn't need any, so she continued on her way toward my house.

She was half way home when a stay sheep trotted over to her, "hello" Helen said with a smile, she reached down and pet the soft flease of the young lamb, it baaed happily then began grazing quietly. There was a sudden screech, then out of the sky dropped a Deadly Nadder, she instantly recognised it, it was Stormfly, and perched on her back was her rider, Astrid.

"Hey, leave that sheep alone" Astrid hissed

She stepped back and away from the sheep, "I wasn't doing anything to it"

"yeah, well it was my job to get him back to his paddock, I was almost there when he ran off and stopped by you"

"not my problem you are bad at sheep herding" she snapped, annoyed

that Astrid was being so mean when she had done nothing wrong.

"whatever, just stay out of my way" she said angrily as her dragon scooped up the sheep. Helen watched silently as they dived into the air with a flap of wings sending a cold chill down her spine.

When she was out of earshot Helen cursed, she had always been mean to her, in Astrid's eyes She was always like Hiccup, weak and nerdy, now she respects Hiccup, yet still treats her like dirt, but she didn't care, much. She continued walking, there was a chill in the air and it was getting late, she picked up the pace and was home in a few minutes. Her home isn't the best place, but to her it was still home, warm, cosy and away from all annoying Astrids.

She opened the large wooden door and it creaked as it was opened and she stepped inside, she looked around then closed the door. She walked over to the fireplace, she filled it with wood then turned to Blueface, the terrible terror that lived in the house, 'Come on, light her up' she said and stepped back as Blueface spewed out a flame making the wood catch on fire and quickly heat up the house.

Helen then walked upstairs, she kicked off her boots and crawled into her warm bed, she wasn't very hungry and she was too tired to be bothered making anything. She yawned and let herself drift off and into a deep sleep.

2. The Gathering

Next Chapter is out! I have written a few chapters in advance, four in total, this one is a little rushed and not as good as I would have hoped, but I will be continueally editing it, and anyway, until the next chapter, Enjoy!

****The Gathering****

Helen woke early the next morning, she stretched out in the bed then threw back the blanket and slowly edged herself out of the bed and onto the floor. she stood up and jogged downstairs, she entered the tiny area she called the kitchen and she poured herself a glass of milk. She drunk the milk quickly, it was cold and refreshing as it raced down her throat and into her stomach. she then grabbed a slice of bread and went outside.

The air was crisp and there was a light fog in the forest, the house was inside the forest, but a minutes walk from the farmlands where Helen kept all her animals that were left to her by the elder Vikan, the one who took her in from a child and raised her, he left her all his belongings when he died, including Blueface. She began walking toward the farm, deep in thought about the afternoon.

When she reached the farm, she gathered eggs and milked the stubborn yaks. By the time I had finished it was midday and time for lunch, she walked back home through the forest and grabbed a chicken leg to satisfy her raging hunger. When finished she walked back to the farm again, the forest had an eyrie feeling about it, but she didn't know what it was.

She spent the rest of the day harvesting crops and feeding and watering animals. When she had finished it was early afternoon and she decided to get to town early. She arrived in the town and wandered about a bit, she traded for a cooked fish and then spent the rest of the early afternoon wandering while eating the fish, until it was time to go to the dragon arena.

When she arrived at the academy, Hiccup was sketching, Ruff and Tuff were fighting, Fishlegs was playing with Meatlug and Snotlout was admiring himself in the reflection of a shield. Luckily there was no Astrid yet, so she walked through the gate and into the arena.

When she entered everyone looked up from what they were doing and right at her, 'What is _she_ doing here?' asked Snotlout.

'I invited her' answered Hiccup. There was a mad chatter between the riders, which she could tell was about her, the continued until Stromfly landed inside of the gate. Instantly everyone stopped, Astrid slipped off the saddle of her dragon and landed softly on the ground, 'What is _she_ doing here' she asked in a calm voice,

'Yeah, that's exactly what I said, Astrid' added Snotlout loudly interrupting. Astrid ignored Snotlout and stared directly at Hiccup, 'I thought Helen might want to hang out with us tonight' Hiccup explained,

'Why her? She hasn't done anything amazing for the village'

'Astrid! Don't be so mean'

'No, why don't we ask Helen, what she will do or _can_ do' said Astrid raising an eyebrow at her.

'Ugh, wellâ€¦' she started

'See, useless'

'No! I am not useless' she hissed at them, 'I am planning to go on a sailing for a week to get over my fear of the ocean' she continued. Astrid laughed, 'You? Sailing, in the ocean, you? The one with a fear of it?' she laughed, making all the others laugh. The rage built up inside her until she couldn't contain it any longer and stormed off. As she left they stopped laughing and started chatting between themselves.

Helen ran all the way home, tears streaming all down her face, how could they all laugh at her? She wanted to defeat her fear of the ocean, and all they could do is laugh. she reached her house in a record time, I slammed the door open and raced up the stairs, she leaped into her bed and continued to cry until she was too exhausted to stay awake any longer.

3. A Voyage Begins And Ends

A/N Thanks to all for the nice reviews, they are very much appreciated. Here is another short chapter for you to read, I have the next one ready to be posted to morrow, but chapter five is still in the works. To compensate for the waiting time for the chapter to be done chapter four is very long. Enjoy!

****A Voyage Begins and Ends****

Helen's eyes cracked open, it was difficult to open them since they had tears dried on them that acted like glue and held them together until broken open. she rubbed her eyes and sat up, she sighed then flopped back down again, what was the point? She would just be laughed at again, but, then she thought about it, the only way that she could stop them from laughing was to actually do what she said she would do, to go sailing, a long trip, just to be sure it catches their attention. A week, she decided, she would go out and sail for a full week, then they will be sure to accept her, she thought. Her legs slid out the side of the bed and she pushed the blanket back then sat up, tomorrow, that is when she would leave.

She worked quickly, racing down to the farm, not stopping to fill her stomach with anything other than water. She reached the farm and quickly ran around, looking after the animals, she was eager to have plenty of time to pack for the trip. When she finally finished it was late morning, the fastest she had even worked, and not to mention how hard she had worked, her legs and arms ached and protested when she got up from her spot under a shady tree and began walking toward the village again.

When she reached the village she quickly look around, searching for various things she thought she needed, bottles for water, meat, fruit, vegetables, medical supplies, rope, a pickaxe and some spare blankets. She paid for everything then made her way home, it was midday, but the sun was not bright, it was covered by clouds and a northerly breeze swept in, there was a storm coming and it was going to be a big one. When she reached home it had just started to rain, the small pelts of ice water stabbing at her face and body. She quickly got inside and began packing things into a large cloth basket while making her lunch. When she had finished packing and began eating the rain had become much harder, it crashed onto the roof and there was masses of thunder and lightning. She loved storms, so dangerous, so fearless, so loud and bright, always scaring other people and animals, burning down trees and houses.

The sun had disappeared, so she decided to go to bed, she knew it was very early, but she needed an early start, and needed extra rest since her whole body ached. She flopped down into the bed and the darkness soon made her sleep.

Helen dived out of bed as soon as she woke, she raced down the stairs and into the kitchen, it was early in the morning and the storm had only recently passed, it was cold and damp outside from the rain, a chill running down her spine when she looked out of the window. She grabbed the basket and swung it over her shoulder, it was heavy, and for good reason. She pushed open the door and stepped outside into the mud and scrunched up her face when it squelched under her boot. She closed and locked the door behind her then quickly mad her was toward the dock.

When she arrived the sun had risen up and into the sky, but no-one was out of their bed yet as the grey clouds hid most of the sun's light. She walked down the smallest dock and stopped in front of a tiny sail boat, it was big enough to carry about five adult Vikings. The boat was owned by Vikan's friend, but the other old man had no strength left to use it and had given it to her to use whenever she

wanted. She climbed up the gang plank and onto the rickety deck. She turned and pulled up the plank then flicked the rope attached to the dock free. The boat began to rock and float away out to sea at a slow pace. Helen pulled on a rope and it released the sails, the wind hit them and the small boat began to pick up speed. She threw down the basket and sat down on the deck, the fresh air was nice and felt good, but the constant rocking mad her feel quite faint and ill.

Helen lay back and yawned, stretching out in the warm sun. She closed her eyes and decided to simply let the boat drift.

It was several hours before Helen woke, she sat bolt up-right and glanced around, she cursed herself for falling asleep, even though she had been utterly exhausted. She stood up and took a better look around, she was in the middle of the sea, away from all land. She couldn't see anything at all in any direction, and knew that she didn't know the way back to Berk. "If only I had a dragon" she sighed, "Then I wouldn't be in this situation".

After an hour of nothing, Helen finally spotted it, a large mountain of ice, she shivered, something about it felt wrong, but she couldn't tell what it was. She decided that the glacier was of no use. She sat down again, but then suddenly there was a freezing cold wind that battered her already shivering body, it made her whole body shiver even more and was so strong it almost swept the boat over and onto it's side. She screamed and grabbed onto the mast and it swung back over to a normal position, she looked up and spotted a huge storm cloud, it was massive, about the size of Berk at least. Helen quickly turned the boat and headed for the glacier.

Within half an hour she had reached the island and quickly tied up the boat to a large spike of ice, she grabbed out her bag of food and supplies and began to walk. Within a few minutes she reached the top and sat down, resting her weary legs, but that was when she heard it, a loud roar that caused the ground to shake beneath her, that was when she realized, but it was too late and the ground beneath her gave way.

4. Friend or Foe

A/N Chapter four is up! This is the longest chapter yet and is the length of the future chapters I have planned. I am still currently working on chapter five, but read this one in the mean time. Enjoy!

****Friend or Foe****

Helen rose to her feet and brushed off the snow, she had fallen hard on her rear and is ached and cried out for rest, but she could not, the roar she had heard was that of a dragon, but one she had never heard before, at least not on Berk, you've done it now, she scolded herself.

She walked a few feet forward before stopping, she looked around the large internal cave system inside of the glacier, it was huge, the small rays of sun from the large hole in the roof were lighting the icy cave and making it sparkle.

Something caused her to shiver, she could tell she was not alone, something or someone was watching her, waiting for the perfect moment to strike her down.

"I guess I should keep going" she told herself and began walking down the cave, further into the icy depths.

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Helen had been walking for what felt like hours and had begun to grow hungry, her stomach snarled and gurgled in protest, alright noisy, she thought sarcastically to herself, she had decided that talking to herself would help her keep sane.

A cool breeze blew down the opening and messed around Helen's hair as she lay down the satchel and dug through it searching for some food. The storm was closing in and it was getting colder by the second.

"Eureka!" she shouted, I got it, she thought happily and pulled out a large lamb sandwich, she dusted it off and took a large bite of it, the lamb was cold, but better then nothing at all, but then, there was the sound of a claw scrapping on ice, it sent a shiver down her body as she could hear it coming closer, and closer.

She turned, but there was no-where to run, the entrance of to the cave was far too high for her to climb and there was no other exits she had seen while walking, but it was too late to work now, a dark purple creature crawled around the bend, it had two legs and two wings, it's back was layered with spines and it's head was at well, except with a large horn on the end of it's snout.

Helen was mesmerized, it was utterly terror inducing, yet magnificent, it's muscled body holding it up, standing tall and proud, but there was something wrong, in parts of it's body it had such a lack of meat on it's bone, that it literally looked as though it had nothing between it's bones and scales, it must have been starved, and for good reason, there was no exit, the poor thing had barely eaten in what must have been ages, and was probably why it was eyeing Helen hungrily.

She glanced down at her hand and spotted the sandwich, she held it up and threw it nearby to the dragon, it eyes her and then the sandwich, but then grabbed it in it's mouth and swallowed it whole, licking it's lips in pleasure.

Helen reached into the satchel and pulled out another lamb sandwich and threw it in the dragon's direction, it again scooped it up and ate it whole, but this time slowly and cautiously moved closer, and then closer again, watching her every move, listening to her every breath.

The dragon eventually walked right over to Helen and the satchel, it sniffed the satchel the watched her, as if waiting for more.

Helen reached down to the satchel to grab another sandwich, but the dragon snarled and thrust the bag aside, it stalked over to her growling louder every step it took closer to her. Helen stopped, she had not realized that she had been cornered by the beast, I and going to die, she thought, a tear rolling down the side of her face in

fear, the dragon roared then went for her face. Helen held up her hands in front of her face to protect it, one hand in the dragon's face to try and keep it at bay and the other in her own face, covering it, letting out a terrified squeak bracing for the coming pain..

But it didn't come, though Helen was reluctant to remove her hands from her face, What is it doing? She questioned, but still would not look at it or remove her hand, but then something happened, she felt something on her hand, it was hard and rough, what is thiâ€¦, she started the question but instantly realized, he removed her hand from her face, and pressed against her palm was the dragon.

As if sensing her looking, the dragon removed it's face from her hand and sat, it was still starving despite the food it had been given, the dragon swished it's tail happy to find someone who could feed it.

"Alright, dragon, I guess you are still hungry, huh?" she asked, the response was the dragon licking it's lips hungrily. She walked back over to the satchel that had been thrown aside by the over excited dragon. Helen reached in and pulled out the rest of the food, she kept some for herself then lay out around the same amount for the dragon, she wanted to sail back to berk and get more food, the dragon could obviously not cope on it's own, so she would take it back home with her and help to heal it.

The wyvern dragon tore at the food it had been given, easily making it's way through the rest of the lamb and almost all of the bread. When finished it snaked it's way over to Helen, giving her begging eyes, asking for some more, "No, we need some for later" she explained, causing the dragon to snort in annoyance, "Don't worry, when we get back to Berk, there will be all the food you can eat" she promised, but the dragon was not happy and lay down irritated, "Besides, there is a storm, we can't go tonight" she added, making the dragon, which was not with it's back to her, let out a snort.

Helen laughed at the dragon, it shared her temper, and not to mention her love of lamb. She stretched out and then yawned, it was freezing, but she was exhausted and worried about becoming cold overnight and freezing to death.

She sat up and reached into the basket and pulled out a few blankets which she wrapped around herself before lying down and curling up tight, though was still shivering constantly.

The dragon looked back around at Helen, it was obvious that she was cold and might not make it through the night. It stood up and crawled over, sitting down next to her. It lay down and curled it's body around her, outstretching it's large wing to cover her from the cold winds that occasionally blew into the cave.

Helen closed her eyes, and soon she fell into a deep, but a less then blissful sleep. Her dragon watching over her, keeping her safe and warm.

###

Helen woke the next morning early, it was still freezing cold

outside, she was lucky to have the dragon curled up around her shivering body. With her hand she softly caressed the sleeping dragon's body, it's wing was still over her, acting as if it was a tent. She ran her hand over it's scales, they were hard and rough, much more so then the other dragon scales she had felt, the felt almost metal compared to the others.

The gentle caressing movements caused the dragon to wake, it looked down to it's bonded and snorted softly, it had been a long and cold night and the dragon was still tired after having a few hours sleep.

Helen smiled at the sleepy dragon, it had strained eyes that were riddled with sleep. She laughed softly then stroked it's hard snout as it let out a second yawn. "Morning sleepy head," she joked with a kind smile at the dragon. She slowly sat up and then rose to her feet, she lifted up the bag and began walking toward the entrance of the cave, "Come on sleepy, gotta get to the exit and start heading home, " she explained, not like you understand, she thought sarcastically as the dragon lifted itself up onto it's dragonic legs and started trotting after her.

They walked for an hour until the entrance was clear in sight, high above the cavern. When the reached it Helen was lifted up the the dragon to the exit and easily climbed out before the dragon carried the basket out of the hole and it too left the cave and followed Helen down the side of the glacier. It was slippery and there were a couple close shaves.

But then it all went downhill, when they reached where the boat was tied up, it was no longer to be found, the only clue that something had once been there was because of the rope that hung loosely from a spike of ice.

Helen grabbed the rope and then sat down, how do I get home? She thought to herself beginning to worry about never getting back home. The dragon walked over and let her cradle it in her lap. "I guess we aren't going home boy," she sighed and began stroking his snout again, she had decided it was male after it relieved itself outside of the cave.

The dragon stepped back away from Helen and flapped it's wings, and lifted a matter of feet off the ground before landing and flicking it's head to signal her to come over. "NO! There is no way I am getting on you!" she exclaimed shaking her head and leaping to her feet, her voice was riddled with fear and it was quite obvious she was terrified at even the though of riding a dragon.

The dragon trotted over to her and looked deep into her fearful eyes with it's own pleading and honest eyes, as if tell her it was alright and he could be trusted.

Helen sighed and ran her hand over the face of the dragon, "Alright, but only close to the ground, and very slowly, she warned. The dragon jumped up and down happily before turning to it's side and bowing down for her to mount. Come on, you can do this! She chanted in her mind to herself, but it was not convincing. She grabbed the bag and slipped it over both shoulders then walked over to the dragon.

She stopped in front of it and in response, the dragon lowered it's head. She walked closer and swung one leg over the dragon's neck and slowly lowered herself onto it's shoulders, just in front of it's spikes.

The dragon straightened it's body, easily lifting the light human off her feet and so was fully being carried by it. The dragon turned and walked over toward the edge of the glacier, stopping when it reached the water's edge.

Helen took a deep breath, butterflies taking their own flight in her stomach making her feel quite faint and ill, why did I come here? She questioned herself, but it was too late, with a single leap and strike of the dragon's wings it was airborne, shooting through the air like an arrow, silently slicing through the thick air.

The shock of flight and the funny feeling it induced caused her to let out a loud screech in fear, but the dragon just let out a screech of it's own, making the young rider jump.

When at an appropriate height above the shrinking Earth, the dragon spread out it's wings and lent forward causing it to level out and glide slowly over the vast ocean, leaving the frozen land mass far behind them.

Helen gripped onto the head spiked of the dragon with a white fist. She clung onto it's scaly body for dear life, not wanting to think about what would happen if she were to fall, nice and slow, she assured herself, glad the dragon was only gliding and not racing about like Toothless or Stormfly.

When Helen finally looked up she could easily tell where they were, the nearby islands were easily recognizable, "Turn, left" she instructed, and the dragon complied. If they continued on the path then Berk would be straight ahead.

###

They had been gliding for hours, the sun's happy rays had began to disappear, the sky had turned fiery orange and it was littered with various stars of many different sizes, twinkling against the coming dark blue sky.

The sun was setting quickly, darkness quickly consuming the sleeping world, as they got closer and closer to Berk, the sun was getting closer and closer to the horizon, but the light and colour was making her home appear more beautiful then she had ever seen it, it even made her forget about her fear of flight, she was finally becoming used to the feeling.

And when the sun had set and the cloud had gathered above the island, only letting in the occasional streak of light, that was when they were almost over Berk, they glided over the dock, almost silently floating over the sleeping island.

Suddenly, the dragon stopped mid-flight and began hovering in the one spot, but the only thing Helen could hear was the rhythmic flapping of the beast's wings. "What is it boy?" she whispered to the dragon, something isn't right, she thought, instinctively running her hand over the dragon's scales in a soothing manor.

There was a sudden sound of something flying past, it was frighteningly fast, shooting past like a Speed Stinger, yet it flew, blending into the darkness without flaw, only one dragon is that skilled, a Night Fury, she concluded in her mind, before spotting the familiar red streak as Toothless and Hiccup flew in a circle around them, still almost invisible, except to the dragon she rode.

The dragon roared aggressively and shot forward and headed away from the village, "No! Stop!" Helen shouted grabbing onto the dragon's horns again for support, it was flying so fast that Helen was wondering if her hair would be blown off they flew so fast

She could hear Hiccup shout something from behind, but ignored it, the dragon was Really flying now. It seemed part angry and part scared by the dragons that were attempting to catch up, but were having little to no luck.

The dragon was dodging everything thrown at it, trees, rocks and dragon fire. Helen gripped on and leaned into the dragon's flight path, leaning down and with every turn she leaned, making them travel faster by the second.

But it was not enough. There was suddenly the sound of something spinning through the air, before the sound of it crashing into them, before pain. The next thing they knew they were both falling, suddenly realizing that they had been hit with a dragon trap, it was a few ropes tied together with rocks on each end of them, the ropes wrapped around the two and tying them together.

The rope had bound the dragon's wings to it's sides and caused them to drop out of the sky like a stone, the ground growing closer and closer by the second, until they crashed, pain shooting through both of the bodies, causing them both to yowl in pain.

The dragon had taken most of the damage in an attempt to protect it's rider, but was near impossible with it's body tethered.

Helen could hear dragons land before people shouting her name, but her world went black, consumed by pain, the last thing Helen heard was the terrified screams of her dragon.

###

"Nooooo!" Helen screamed sitting bolt upright, she was sweating and her breath was labored, "Wa?" she started, but did not finish. She looked around, she was in her house, the riders and chief gathered around her bed, "Where is the dragon?" she asked attempting to keep herself calm and sound clear.

"Ummm, wellâ€¦" Hiccup began, but somehow couldn't find the words.

Astrid rolled her eyes and spoke up, "In the arena, locked up where it can't hurt anyone" she said in her usual aggressive tone.

"What? Why? He won't hurt anyone" Helen begged

They all chuckled at her words, but then realized she was serious, "Well, it's a Skrill, they are dangerous to people, and it looks just

like the one we trapped in a glacier several months ago" Hiccup explain, but was interrupted by Helen

"No! He is not dangerous!" she persisted.

"We cannot let you see it" Hiccup confirmed, "It is too dangerous" he added, "End of argument," he was really meaning it, that dragon was dangerous.

Helen felt like killing them all, but knew not to, she had to try and keep her cool, but it was hard with her temper, "Alright, I won't see it, now please leave" she demanded, her voice strong and rough, telling them all not to mess with her.

They all turned and left the room quickly, all but Hiccup, he glanced into her eyes, filled with guilt and sorrow, "Sorry" he said simply before walking out and back toward the other riders.

When they had all left and were flying away back toward the main village Helen began pacing the living room, what do I do? I can't just waltz in there and take him, Can I? She was in emotional turmoil, she had no idea of what to do, leave her dragon to the other riders or betray them and their trust and save it from them.

Then she stopped in her tracks, I will save him, and I don't care what they say, she decided and stomped out of her house, heading for the dragon arena.

###

When she was half way o the arena she had decided on a name for the dragon, it's name would be Strike, as in a lightning strike, referring to his speed and according to the book of dragons, the ability to ride and wield lightning. "Strikeâ€|" she whispered to herself, the name sounding just right.

###

Strike paced the arena, his face was held closed with a large metal muzzle, it was extremely uncomfortable and was rubbing on it's face. The humans kept trying to bend with him, but he did not accept them, Not after last time, he though to himself with a hiss at one of the males.

He could tell the Night Fury was watching, the one that had helped the humans to trap him in the glacier, near enough sealing his fate when the ice began to melt, but not fast enough for him to escape.

The Night Fury sat at alert in the ring, sending him deathly glares, forewarning him about the consequences of attacking or attempting to escape. But he was happy to take any punishment.

Strike leaped forward and snapped at the Night Fury's rider through his muzzle, causing the dragon to jump up and crashing into him sending him flying to the side. He stood back up again and began to circle the Night Fury known as Toothless, the two staring right into each other's soul, displaying their strength and attempting to make the other back down.

###

Helen finally arrived at this arena, she glanced through the gate, just to check on Strike, but the last ounces of her happiness were soon drained when she spotted Toothless and Strike circling.

She pulled open the gate, but no-one noticed her walk in, she was about to speak up when Toothless leaped onto Strike, biting at her dragon, Hiccup raced over and removed toothless from Strike, but Strike attempted to fight back and began fighting with toothless.

The muzzle on his face making it difficult to bite the Night Fury, he pinned it to the ground and roared as it bit at his legs when suddenly there was a shout.

"Strike! Heel!" Helen commanded in a loud and serious voice making the dragon look up instantly.

Strike bowed his head in submission and slowly snuck over to Helen, ignoring all remarks from Toothless, keeping his head hung low before stopping in front of Helen and looking up at her with eyes as though he were a told off puppy.

But Helen remained serious, she looked up at the other riders that were watching in awe at her control over the 'dangerous' dragon.

They all stood there for a few moments, the only sound was the cool breeze that blew in from the north, then Helen realized, the sun had clouded over with dark clouds, there was little light and it was obvious to everyone that a storm was brewing.

5. Acceptance

****Acceptance****

They all stared for a few more seconds then finally broke their line of sight and they too looked up into the pitch black cloud that was beginning to engulf the little sun that was visible through other various clouds. Looks of worry spreading through each person's expressions.

It was a further few moments before anyone broke the silence, "Alright, you've proven that you can control it, but it is still dangerous, especially in a storm..." Hiccup started but was swiftly cut off,

"No, he is my dragon, and my responsibility, I will take all punishments for any actions he takes" Helen promise. There was a long moment of silence then the riders turned and began discussing between themselves.

Strike glanced up at the howling winds and dark clouds, a sanctuary from the humans around him, but he could not leave his bonded and would wait for her command, even if it meant staying for a while longer.

"We have all decided, that you can keep _Strike _as long as you take

full responsibility for his actions no matter how severe the punishment may be" Hiccup warned. He secretly wanted for her to accept so he could study the dragon further in a safer environment.

"Yes, he was my first, and best, friend, and I promise I will stand up for him and anything he does," she promised, eyes filled with hope.

After a few glanced at each other all the riders eventually nodded in agreement, all except Astrid who simply snorted and turned away.

The acceptance of her dragon made Helen beam, they had not fully accepted her, but she was obviously on the right track, Yes! She cheered mentally as Strike slunk his way over and leaned onto his rider's side, earning a gentle stroke on the forehead.

There was a large crash of thunder and a strike of lightning, scaring some of the terrible terrors, causing them to flee away and toward safety. The now pitch black sky lit up with streaks of lightning and the howling wind and thunderous explosions caused even Toothless to watch the sky in slight fear of it's power and might .

All but Strike, who was shaking with excitement, they had been having several storms lately and as it was clear that it was a similar, if not the same cloud they saw back at the glacier, just arriving at berk, ready to begin it's rain of terror.

"Quick, everyone get your dragons either in your house or lock up in the arena!" Astrid shouted breaking everyone out of their awe and into action. Helen helped the other riders gather all training equipment and lock it all away before all the other riders flew off toward their houses.

"Alright Strike, you ready to fly again?" Helen asked her dragon who wiggled with excitement again looking up at the stormy sky. Strike trotted happily over to the gate and waited for Helen who followed.

Strike lowered his neck and shoulders and waited while Helen gingerly swung her leg over and lowered herself onto the dragon, I will need a saddle, she though only just realizing.

The dragon rose up and trotted out of the arena, Helen grabbing onto it's head spikes. When they were clear of the arena Strike flapped his wings hard and slowly lifted off the ground, trying to not scare the human or make her fall.

Once they were at a reasonable distance Strike, with one beat of his wings, shot forward, through the strong wind and heading away from the village, Helen guiding him with gentle tugs on the dragon's horns telling him the direction to fly in.

But then, a lightning bolt struck the ground right next to the dragon, causing Helen to squeak, then more lightning, getting closer and closer each time, "Faster!" Helen yelled, battling to get her voice louder then the wind and thunder.

It was then Strike figured out that humans didn't cope well with lightning and shot forward faster and faster, causing Helen to lean

down and press her torso against the dragon's spine as it flew swiftly dodging lightning as it went, nearing her house.

They landed instantly as soon as Helen's house was visible. She jumped off and ran toward the house, just as an onslaught of rain fell from the heavens and began drenching both dragon and rider.

Helen swung open the front door as soon as they arrived and raced inside, Strike following swiftly and nestling himself on the bench next to the already blazing fire as Helen closed the door behind them

"Burrrr!" Helen groaned, the rain was freezing cold and her body was covered in goose bumps. That was when she noticed Strike, his whole body was lit, with what looked like lightning bouncing over his scales, yet not harming the beast one bit.

"Wowâ€¦" said Helen speaking slowly in awe, Strike simply looked up and cocked his head to the side in confusion. Helen couldn't resist poking the dragon, but jumped back with a whimper when she felt a zapping sensation in her finger, she rubbed her sore finger on her shirt then death stared Strike who was smiling evilly.

"Alright, I guess it is time to go to bed then" she said beginning to walk toward her room, "Your free to join me" she added before climbing up the stairs and curling up in her bed, huddled under the blanket quickly falling asleep.

The next morning Helen woke late, she went to sit up, but something was on her legs, she pushed back the sheets and saw the reason, it was Strike, led on her legs fast asleep, she smiled at the dragon, still determined to be close to her.

Helen attempted to pull her legs out from under the sleeping reptile, but was unsuccessful, "Move you big fatty" she complained but was ignored, "Please?" she begged and instantly Strike jumped off the bed, it was obvious now that he was awake and was just teasing her, "Thank youâ€¦ Fatty" she added at the end earning a less than approving stare.

Helen's stomach growled hungrily, she patted it softly then turned back to Strike, "You hungry boy?" she asked, but already knew the answer, the dragon leaped at her and knocked her over before licking her face as he held her down, "Yuck!" she gurgled between licks, her face soaked in dribble, "Fine, I'll feed you now!" she shouted again through the attacking tongue and saliva.

Only then did the dragon refrain from it's licking and sit down, making sure not to hinder the feeding process any longer, swishing it's tail, pleased with it's drooling motivation skills.

Helen scrambled to her feet, weary of a second attack, realizing it would not some she turned and walked out of her room and down the stairs, she took a glance out the window and let out a deep sigh, storm clouds riddled the sky and the once bright world was dim and lifeless the only light coming from occasional flashes in the sky from the lightning, but luckily no rain fell and the cloud was slowly moving away.

Strike nudged his rider with his snout snapping her out of her hypnotic state. She smiled and scratched the dragon under it's chin before continuing forward and into the kitchen.

She pulled out several slices of lamb and grabbed out a plate, she lay the lamb down on it and placed it on the floor, "There you go, that should be enough for now" she said as the dragon ate up the meat slowly and savoring the juicy taste.

Helen grabbed out a slice of bread and nibbled at it, not more then slightly hungry.

Once finished their meals the dragon walked over to his rider and poked her, bored at being cooped up and longing to spread it's wings. Helen smiled and walked over to the door, "Why don't we go down to the village, we can ask Gobber to make us a saddle" she said as opening the door to the world, letting the small fraction of light slip in and into her weary eyes.

Strike trotted outside in front of Helen and began sniffing around the area, checking for danger before Helen stepped out of the house and over to her dragon who bowed down for her to mount.

Helen was faster at mounting and quickly threw her leg over the dragon and perched herself in it's shoulders as it lifted her up off the ground, she was beginning to trust the dragon more every time she rode it.

Strike opened up his wings and flapped them several times to test them out before deciding it was safe to fly, and with three powerful flaps of his wings was airborne, and floating through the sky.

But something was wrong, lightning was beginning to move closer to the duo, thunder growing louder. Strike knew the lightning was drawn to him and sped up flapping his wings wildly and gaining speed, but his scales were beginning to spark.

Helen watched the scales spring to life, the light bouncing over the scales, but also zapping her as it ran over her legs and then through her body.

They had reached the village outskirts so Strike glided down to the ground and Helen jumped off, "Ouch!" she complained rubbing her sore legs, but determined to reach the village she continued and started to walk, "Come on Strike, looks like we are walking" she said with a sigh, already missing the feeling of flight.

If only I could have his scales, maybe that would stop it, she thought to herself, it sounded reasonable enough and it was a theory she would put to the test.

_In the next chapter! Sorry you all had to wait for this one, I have had exams all week! So I have had no time to finish the chapter, but fear not I will be working on the next chapter as you read this. My chapters sadly can't be released one a day as I did at the beginning as I have not finished writing other chapters yet and __sadly__ cannot do that for a while at least. Oh, I almost forgot, if you go to my profile you can find the link to my FictionPress page where I have posted another story (And yes it is a dragon one :D), but until the next chapter, Enjoy!_

6. New Theories

Hey everyone! Finally finished this chapter! I am planning to make it a little more exciting as we go along, but here you go, Enjoy!

****New Theories ****

The two finally reached Gobber's forge, during the time it had taken them to reach it the sky had cleared up and the sun shone onto the soaked world beneath it, warming and drying the frigid land.

Helen glanced up the hill and spotted both Hiccup and Stoick, both talking, serious expressions on their faces, they threw occasional glances at both her and her dragon studying them closely.

She tried her best to ignore them, though it was hard knowing their eyes were bearing into her soul. The sound of metal being hammered broke her from thought, she looked up and spotted Gobber crafting a new sword on his anvil.

"Excuse me, Gobber," she began

"Yes?" he responded his eyes not wavering from the anvil

"If you aren't busy I was wondering if you could make me a saddle,"

"Do I look like I have spare time?" he grumbled looking up and raising a furry eyebrow at Helen in question.

"No, butâ€¦" she began, trying to answer his question

"Nah, don't worry, I'll find time for ya' we lass" he quickly added and returned to his work without another word.

Helen nodded in return, but knew he had not seen it, she turned back to Strike and cracked a smile, he was led stretched out on the ground soaking up the sunshine happily on his reptilian scales.

They gave her an idea, she knew that the scales were both heat and lightning proof, if she could gather enough scales then she could easily fashion something to shield her body from the lightning and heat. She continued throwing the through around her mind and came up with another theory.

She gathered the idea from Hiccup's fire sword he had recently made, it was a light sword coated in the spit of a monstrous nightmare that he lit with a small lighting mechanism. He had also gathered the gasses of a hideous zippleback and added it to the sword, making it to also cause explosions.

Her idea was creating a sword lined with the scales of her dragon, then the lightning would be drawn to it and she would be able to wield the lightning as Hiccup did fire. The thought made her smile and unconsciously walk over to the dragon and crouch down before him.

Strike glanced up, raising one of his scaly eyebrows, he snorted softly and then hummed at his rider asking what she wanted.

Helen reached down toward the dragon and ran her hands over the rough scales, some came loose in the palm of her hand, but the majority of them stayed put. She looked over the scales she had collected, definitely not enough for a sword, but a start, she thought to herself standing back up again leaving her dragon to his lazy sun baking.

She retrieved a small pot and dropped the scales into it, a total of six in all, which she placed on one of the work benches and pulled out a strip of paper along with something to use to illustrate her design.

The design was simple, a one handed sword, small compared to a regular one, but since it would be covered in scales it would weigh too much to be any larger. What it lost in size it made up in ferocity, the design being simple enough to follow.

Helen then measured the scales, attempting to figure out how many would be needed to work accurately, it would need all scales to overlap, so they did not allow the lightning to reach the iron underneath and instead stay on the scales.

She knew that she would need something to stop the lightning from reaching her body as it would hurt her, I'll need to make some sort of barricade, she thought, but then changed her mind, or, I could redirect it— she thought to herself placing her chin in her palm and kneeling on the desk deciding how to best solve the problem.

Strike trotted over to Helen and nosed her gently, he opened up his wings and glanced around before stretching out, making sure not to knock anything over in the process.

She was about to refocus on her work when she felt a tap on her shoulder, she turned around and spotted Hiccup, "Hey," she greeted cheerfully, turning over her paper so he could not see her design, still worried about being judged.

"Hi Helen, I along with the other dragon riders wanted to try and study, Strike, since we have little information on skrills, so we were wondering, if you have a spare minute, if we could test his speed," he explained.

"Sure, you're in right Strike?" she asked turning to her dragon, but sighed seeing him circling Toothless, eyes narrowed, and with both dragons intimidating each other.

"Come on guys, we need to put the past behind us and work as a team," hiccup complained making Toothless stop, though Strike continued death staring the other dragon.

"Strike!" Helen hissed making the dragon break his gaze and trot over to them.

"You wanna show them how to _really_ fly boy?" she asked.

Strike snorted and wagged his tail like an over excited pup, he

halted for a second and glanced at Toothless wanting to send a clear message that he intended to beat his fastest speed.

"Hang on a second, I don't have a saddle, how will I hang on if he is flying that fast?" Helen asked.

"I guess Strike will have to do it solo" Hiccup admitted with a shrug.

Helen nodded and stood up, making her way outside the shop, followed closely by Strike, Hiccup and Toothless. Strike stopped and bowed down, allowing Helen to quickly climb onto his shoulders, and within a few moments they were airborne and gliding toward the arena.

Toothless pulled up beside Strike and smiled evilly, causing Strike to cock his head in confusion. Toothless then, with several beats of his wings shot ahead and began racing off.

Strike was not going to come second best to him again and too shot forward, easily catching up with him. Strike snorted defiantly, refusing to be beaten.

"It's not a competition!" Hiccup exclaimed, but the two dragons ignored him and powered on, now trying to out-fly each other, going faster and faster by the second. Toothless taking a slight lead, but was not concentrating on where his was flying, more so on Strike's position.

Strike too was lacking focus and more on beating Toothless, but then came a shout from Helen, "Look out!" she shouted, instantly bringing back both dragons, they both roared loudly and dived to opposite sides, narrowly avoiding a large sea stack.

"What part of working together did you two not understand?" questioned Helen scolding her competitive dragon, who whimpered, but snarled when Toothless made a soft sound similar to a human's laugh.

Eventually they all made it to the arena, despite their detour and landed just outside the arena, there Fishlegs was waiting. "What took you guys?" he asked,

"Dragon temper issuesâ€¦" Hiccup answered,

"Well you're here now, so, do I need to explain the test?" Fishlegs asked,

"Yeah," said Helen with a nod of her head,

"Well, Strike needs to simply do a whole lap of the island as fast as he can, and I'll time it with our sun clock, easy enough?" he asked when he finished the explanation.

Helen nodded and slid off Strike's back, "You ready to kick dragon butt?" she asked jokingly. Strike roared happily in response then lined himself up, ready to fly when the word was given.

Fishlegs walked over to the sun clock and waited until the right time. "Go!" he shouted as soon as the sun had reached

position.

Strike leaped into the air, roaring loudly as he gained speed, he easily rounded the island, while at an extreme speed, but then on the final corner pushed himself to the very limit, a whistling sound could easily be heard, exactly the same as the one a night fury could make when approaching top speed, and within a matter of seconds passed the finish and landed softly on the light brown dirt.

"Wow" was Fishleg's first word, but then went on, "Strike was faster than Toothless, without a rider obviously, but with one I would say they could easily be the same speed" he said, the excitement clear in his eyes.

Strike roared at Toothless, showing off, making Toothless snort in return.

Helen just smiled and walked over to her dragon, petting him gently on the snout, making him hum happily. "What's next?" asked Helen.

7. Excelling Tests

Out with another chapter! Sorry this took so long to come out and I am sorry the chapter does not start with anything amazing I am afraid, but the ending is worth the wait, and is a bit of a cliff hanger for you. Thanks for continuing to read this far, I really appreciate it if you do and any comments on how to improve or if you are enjoying it. That's it for now, Enjoy! (P.S. Not fully edited, this chapter was a little rushed)_

Excelling Tests

"Well, next is the accuracy test," Fishlegs announced once they had all reached the dragon arena. Meatlug walked over and stood in front of a sea-saw with a small sack of what appeared to be grass. "Alright, this is how it works," he began. A terrible terror flew over to the saw and hovered over the raised end, "When that terrible terror lands on that sea-saw over there, the sack will be flung into the air, your dragon's job is to hit it," he explained before giving an example.

He lifted his arm and then pointed a single finger down causing the terrible terror to drop from the air and land on the raised end of the saw, sending the sack flying into the air, "Meatlug, now!" shouted Fishlegs and as instructed Meatlug let out a large lava-blast hitting the sack and lighting it on fire.

Helen grasped the concept of it and took Strike over to the saw, and waited until another sack was placed on the now lowered end. She moved back away from Strike and moved to the side with both Hiccup and Fishlegs. After a moment Fishlegs copied his previous action and again the sack was sent sailing through the air, Strike flapped his wings causing him to hover above the ground before letting loose a large white flame, hitting the sack directly.

Fishlegs pulled out his notebook and scribbled down some information, "Okay, try three," he said walking over and resetting the mechanism.

They repeated the process again, and again Strike hit all three before they hit the ground, sending them flying backwards.

Again Fishlegs scribbled some information down in his notebook, "Right, now for a challenge, five," he said running back over and adding five fresh sacks. And again making the terrible terror drop, sending the sacks flying again, but this time was different, the sound of thunder crashing around them before suddenly a large bolt of lightning shot from the sky and hit Strike before shooting forward and at the sacks, hitting and frying all five at once.

Proud of his efforts Strike landed and glanced at Toothless snorting at him, showing off.

"Wow," said all three at once, Helen turned to the two boys and knew how excited they were, looking as though they were going to explode, but before they could say anything Gobber appeared from the gate, "Helen, I need Strike to measure him for your saddle," he said before quickly hurrying off.

"Come on Strike, let's get a saddle," she said softly with a smile to her dragon who trotted over happily. Helen jumped onto Strike, "I'll be back once I get a saddle," she promised before Strike trotted off toward the gate and then out.

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When they reached Gobber's workshop Helen jumped off Strike's back and led him inside. He was measured quickly, every detail noted to help make the saddle perfect.

By the time he was finished Strike was beginning to lose his temper and was relieved when he could leave. He quickly trotted out and lay down on the ground in front of the forge while he waited.

Helen however stayed inside and watched Gobber create the saddle, she had never seen anyone make one before and wanted to learn.

###

After a short time the saddle was done and strapped to Strike's back. At first Strike became very irritated by it, but after a while he became used to it.

"Come on Strike, let's test it out," Helen said softly and gave Strike a soft pet on his snout. They strolled out of the forge and out into the open village square. Helen led Strike over and climbed up onto his saddle, she slid her feet into the strips and gripped onto her dragon's horns.

Strike unfolded his wings and lifted them up to the sky before beating them down again, once, twice and a third time before he was well clear of the ground.

Helen gave a soft tug on Strike's horns, making him turn to the left before giving him a tap with her foot. With that they were gliding, floating over the village slowly, taking in the view and making sure the saddle would hold.

Once they were sure the saddle would hold Helen gave Strike another tap, making him pick up the pace, throwing in several twists and turns every few moments.

Suddenly Strike took off, shooting through the air, and out over the water, heading toward the sea stacks. He roared and dived toward the raging waters.

Helen held on for dear life and leaned into each turn and dive. They turned and flew into the sea stacks, twisting up, down, left and right. Once they even flipped upside down, but before she could let go Strike leveled out again.

And in an instant they were out, gliding over the ocean peacefully. After that they simply flew around for hours, looking around at their surroundings and even catching some fish.

When they finally did land it was on a beach of stone, the sun had sunk behind several distant islands and the night was on its way. Helen glanced at a cave far on the edge of the island and decided it would be the best place to stay the night.

Several fish and a fire later they were settled in, ready to sleep, when Strike heard something, he rose to his feet and let out a deep growl, he took several steps toward the entrance but was stopped by Helen.

"Stay Strike, I will have a look," Helen assured him before climbing to her feet and strolling outside. At first she heard nothing, but when she was about to return to the cave heard a voice, "I could have sworn it landed here," it said, "It does not matter, we should head back, otherwise we will be skinned by—" the second voice was silenced by a hush.

Helen crept closer to where the voices were, the forest and night provided good cover, but she was less than stealthy. Then she could hear the voices more clearly, "But if it is a Skrill and we let it go, I dare not think what would happen," the first voice continued.

The adrenaline was surging through Helen's veins, why did they want Strike? What would they do to him? She had to find out more, taking another step she heard the sound she had been dreading, the sound of a snapped twig.

"What was that?!" called one of the strange men in alarm, Helen could now see they were each covered in thick armoured plates with weapons of all kinds, "I think it came from over here," said the one closest to her.

The group turned and began stalking toward her, she glanced around, but saw nowhere suitable to hide, and if she ran it would make too much noise and she would surely be caught.

She took another step back, right into some dry leaves, causing more sound to be made, there was no chance of hiding now and within an instant she turned and bolted toward the cave.

Attention everyone, I am very sorry I have not been able to update you all with a new chapter, I am having a little writer's block and I am currently trying to think up something for the chapter. On a more positive note I am planning a new story that I will begin writing tonight, it is the story of a pack of Night Furies and what happens to them. I will not give out too many details (Mainly because I have not decided what will happen XD) as not to spoil anything. I have been spending the past few days designing characters and I will post images of them when I post the first chapter.

Anyway, thanks for understanding (If you do, I won't mind if you want to burn me - which has been threatened before).

~Nera

9. An Encounter of the Deranged Kind

****A Close Encounter of the Deranged Kind****

Helen raced around the corner, sending dirt and stones flying in all matters of different directions. She turned and ran into the cave where Strike was sat, his expression was that of fear and worry, he whimpered to his rider and upon seeing the fear in her eyes he ran to her side to defend her from whatever it was scaring his Viking friend.

Not a moment later three large men skidded around the corner, the largest one near enough falling on his side in his rush. They all had long darkly coloured unkempt beards and were all largely built, towering over both Strike and Helen when standing at their full height.

The one in the middle off the group took a step toward the two, but was stopped in his tracks by the deep rumble of a warning growl that came from Strike. He back off the step he had just taken before turning to his two comrades, "Come on, together we can take 'em" he stated.

They began walking toward the girl and dragon when Strike leaped at them, taking out the one on the left which he had identified as being the weakest, knocking him to the floor and snapping at his face before leaping at the one that had been on the right and doing the same.

The leader of the small party attempted to grab Strike, but failed when he whipped around and leaped at him, pinning him to the ground. Helen ran right out of the cave while Strike distracted the attackers before he too joined her outside.

Helen climbed onto Strike's saddle and in a single beat of his wings he was in the air, but instead of retreating or leaving, Strike turned back to the attackers, who were by then standing outside. He roared loudly and began hovering just off the ground. There was a crash and a small bolt of lightning flew down from the sky and right at Strike, which he then directed at the attackers, who leaped to the side and began racing away to find cover.

Surprisingly the electricity from the lightning had only hit Strike's

wings before they had been directed at the attackers, and had not even touched Helen, other than it causing her hair to stand up on it's ends.

Strike turned to fly away from the island, but was stopped by Helen with a yank of his horns, "Wait, go follow them," she said, having to give Strike pet of 'persuasion' to get him to do as she had said and follow after the attackers.

Flying down low and landing on the roof of the cave they had been resting in and watching the directions their attackers had fled, making sure to stay out of sight.

Helen wondered if they should follow after them, or leave because of the possible danger. "What do you think Strike?" she asked the dragon, which seemed to think for a moment before humming softly and gazing off in the direction in which the Vikings had gone. "Guess you want to check it out then." she confirmed, and with that the Skrill leaped into the air and glided off after the attackers.

After several short minutes they had spotted the Vikings, who were still running, but had slowed significantly. Making sure to stay high up in the air and close to the clouds Helen watched them, and then looked out in the direction they were heading.

At first she couldn't see anything that would mean human life was close by, but on a second glance she spotted several trails of smoke streaking the sky, she directed Strike toward it and the dragon sped up, beginning to flap it's wings rather than simply glide.

Since it was dark everything was hard to make out, but when Helen saw light she pulled back Strike to make him slow down, and come back to gliding. Silently they glided down toward the ground, landing just short of what Helen had made out was a village, a large one at that.

The forest surrounding said forest was dense and the pine needles were sharp, making it hard for Strike to move around without making noise. "Stay here Strike, I'll be back in a moment," she assured her dragon before tentatively walking toward the village as stealthily as possible.

She crouched down several metres away from the village, still hidden by the trees. There was a path leading out of the village and toward the ocean, that had not been visible from the air and after a few moments of waiting the three attacking Vikings came jogging along the track and into the village's centre, breathing heavily.

Helen watched as a young Viking walked toward them, because of the distance she could not recognize who it was, but some how felt he was not someone to be trusted. The young Viking began shouting at the Vikings, but Helen still couldn't hear what they were saying.

She began slowly moving around the edge of the village, getting closer to the argument until she could hear it clearly. The obviously superior Viking was still scolding the other three, despite them being older than him.

The three attackers began pleading with him, and began explaining what exactly what had happened at the beach, but were stopped when

they had mentioned the part about Helen riding Strike. The young man turned and surprisingly had a smile on his face, though it was not one of happiness, it was too sinister for that.

"The dragon had a _rider_ you say? Well that is great news, only someone from Berk would be able to ride a dragon," He concluded, "Tomorrow we sail for Berk, I want to see this for myself," he commanded, pivoting on his heels and strolling off. "Yes Dagur," the lead Viking replied, dipping his head in respect.

Helen swallowed audibly, she had heard of this 'Dagur', and she had only heard of his hatred for Berk and his desire to ride dragons, she had also heard that he was the one who had some sort of way to control Skrills, something she disliked knowing even more.

She decided she had to leave, to warn Berk and get Strike as far away from Dagur as humanly possible.

_I am soooooooooo sorry this chapter took so long to be published, I have had massive __writer's__ block and haven't been able to write a thing for at least a month or two. Anyway, today I am trying to update as many of my stories as possible. Enjoy!_

End
file.